

Every Time You Go Away by chronicopheliac

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Prompt: #23 things you said {before you left}

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Author's Note:

- For [HotSauce418](#).

This is my very first attempt at Harringrove, omg omg omg. o_o Please let me know how I did! <333

Billy hastily pulls up his jeans, stuffing his underwear into his pocket. At the bedroom door, he glances back. "This is a one time thing. Won't happen again. Got it?"

On the bed, Steve inspects a bite mark on his chest. "Way to make a guy feel used."

"I fucking mean it, Harrington. Never again. And if you tell anyone, I'll fucking kill you."

"Okay, okay, man. Geez."

And then, Billy was out the door.

Two weeks later, Billy sucks Steve's dick under the gymnasium bleachers. During basketball practice. He jams a sock in Steve's mouth to keep him quiet. Thankfully, it's clean.

"Where's Harrington?" The coach's voice rings in Steve's ears.

His nerves shot, Steve tugs on Billy's hair to tell him to hurry it up. Billy sucks harder, deepthroating him until Steve's knees are weak and trembling, and--

"HARRINGTON! Wait, where's Hargrove?"

They're going to get caught. Billy stands, wiping semen from the corner of his mouth before he pins Steve against the bleachers by his throat.

"Don't you fucking move. Stay here," he pulls the sock from Steve's

mouth, “until everyone’s gone.”

“But practice--”

“Shut the fuck up. Don’t let anyone see you.”

And then, again, he’s gone.

A month later, Billy has Steve pinned over the hood of his car. His fingers dig into Steve’s hips, as unforgiving as his pace. He jerks Steve off until he spills into his hand. He makes Steve lick it off his fingers while he pounds into him, growling low in his throat.

When Billy comes, he presses Steve against the car so hard, Steve is pretty sure he’s going to leave a dent. On himself and the car.

He lays there, Billy draped over his body, waiting for the moment Billy will shove him away.

“Hey--”

And there it is.

Steve sighs, going lax beneath him. “Don’t say anything, don’t expect anything. Yeah. I know.”

“Shut the fuck up, idiot. Get into the back.” Billy steps back and pulls his pants up.

“The back? Of the car?”

“Did I stutter?”

Right. Steve pulls his own pants back on and climbs into the back seat of the Camaro. He lets his head fall back against the seat, wondering when the hell this had become his life.

“Lay down,” Billy says, peering in through the open door.

Weird, but okay. Steve stretches out across the seat. Before he has a chance to ask what next, Billy climbs over top of him and just... lays

there, with his head on Steve's chest. And that's it.

"Uh..."

"Shut up. I didn't say you could talk."

Steve presses his lips together. He's not sure what to do with his hands.

With a put-upon sigh, Billy grabs Steve's hands and arranges them around himself, then settles down again.

"It's just--"

"I said shut the fuck up. Jesus, can't you follow instructions? I'll say when it's time to go."

They lay that way for over an hour. Steve is certain Billy's fallen asleep - his breathing is slow and steady. He's so warm and heavy, Steve feels the pull of sleep himself. He closes his eyes, imagining a row of sheep gearing up to jump over the Camaro.

He counts nine before Billy stirs, and pushes himself off.

"Get the fuck out."

Ah, there it is. Steve climbs out of the car and stretches his back until it pops. Goddamn, he's sore.

Billy gets into the driver's seat and starts the car. He leans out the window and shouts, "If you're not here tomorrow at eight, I'll fucking find you."

"Sure thing, Billy." Steve touches two fingers to his brow in salute.

He stares after the Camaro as it peels out onto the road. For a one time thing, Steve thought, it sure was beginning to feel like a habit.